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Selby, Charles.

Hunting a turtle.

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Hunting a Turtle.

Tur. How well you acted the mad woman—yes it is—no it isn't—ha! ha!

Mrs. T. Ha! ha! ha!—its a capital joke—ha! ha!

Lev. [*advancing between them.*] Ha! ha!—a capital joke—ha! ha!

Act I.—Scene I.

Turner's Dramatic Library.

HUNTING A TURTLE.

An Original Farce,

IN

ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN:

Author of Catching an Heiress; Frank Fox Phipps, Esq.; Domestic Arrangements; The Unfinished Gentleman; Married Rake; Captain Stevens, &c., &c.

PRINTED FROM THE BEST ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

to which are added

A description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Exits and Entrances, and the whole of the Stage Business, Properties, and Directions:

AS NOW PERFORMED IN THE

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

Embellished with a fine Wood Engraving,
From a Drawing taken in the Theatre.

Philadelphia:

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c 1836?

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COSTUME:

Mr. TURTLE—Drab jean shooting jacket, plaid waistcoat, black stock, white trousers, shoes and gaiters.

Mr. LEVISON—Fashionable brown frock, fancy waistcoat, nankeen trousers, white hat. Second dress—A large modern great coat, long worsted gaiter stockings, Welch wig, with coloured handkerchief tied over it, long gray hair, broad brimmed black hat.

SMATTER—Top boots and breeches, red striped waistcoat, smart green livery jacket, black hat with gold band and cockade. Second dress—Handsome hussar jacket, white trousers, sword and cartouch box, foraging cap and gold band. Third dress—Black quaker's cut coat, long leather gaiters, eccentric powdered wig with a tail, green spectacles, low crowned black hat, white neckcloth, cane.

TIMOTHY DANDELION—Short tailed dark blue coat with metal buttons, dark corderoy breeches, broad striped waistcoat, coloured neckcloth, old fashioned top boots, green apron, small straw hat. Second dress—Large brown modern great coat—very long, buttoned up to the throat—very large white neckcloth tied in a bow, large oval shapped brown hat, green bag.

JOHN—Handsome livery.

Mrs. TURTLE—Green velvet pelisse, faced with crimson satin and gold lace, like an hussar jacket, green velvet cap with broad gold band and tassels, handsome arrow, belt, and bow. Second dress—Chintz gown, white apron, lace cap. 3d dress—Large pattern loose dressing gown, with long sleeves to be worn over second dress, fastened round the throat only (not compressed at the waist)—muslin cap with very broad borders, hair in a great many papers. Fourth dress—Fashionable silk or muslin.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; X. *Crosses*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	LONDON. QUEENS THEATRE.	PHILADELPHIA. WALNUT STREET.	NEW YORK. FRANKLIN.
Mr. Turtle,	Mr. Selby,	Mr. Muzzy,	Mr. Drummond,
The Honorable Mr. Levison	" T. Green,	" Wemyss,	" Thayer,
Smatter	" Barnett,	" Connor,	" John Sefton,
Timothy Dandelion	" Mitchel,	" Hadaway,	" J. Mills Brown,
John, Servant to Mr. Turtle	" Sidney,	" Stanley,	" Everard,
Postboy	" Alexander,		" Carnes.
Mrs. Turtle	Mrs. Nisbet,	Miss Ann D. Waring,	Mrs. Blake.

First Performed in London, Sept. 14, 1835, *and was produced simultaneously at the American Theatre, Philadelphia; and Franklin Theatre, N. York.*

SCENE, *which remains during the Piece. A Lawn before a gentleman's Mansion in the Country. A High Wall and gate,* L. *French Windows in the Flat* R. *and* L. *A passage with practicable doors leading to Apartments* R. *and* L. *A garden or conservatory in perspective. The windows of the apartment are open, discovering handsome carpets, sofas, chairs, &c. Shrubs, flowers, statues, vases, &c. distributed around in picturesque confusion.*

TIMOTHY DANDELION, *discovered, watering flowers, &c.*

Dan. (*Singing*)

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum.

[*A Bell rings without, at gate,* L.

Sougers through the town marched gay,
And hall resolved to *follor* the drum.

[*Bell rings again*] Holla! somebody's a ringing the lodge bell.

From *winders* lasses looked a score,

[*Bell again*] Go it!

Neighbors met hat hevery door—

[*Bell again. Bawling off,* R.] Tom, somebody wants you!

Souger lads charmed hevery sight,

Bell again] It's not my business to *hanser* it, so they may ring.

*He*yes beamed pleasure, 'arts danced light.

[*Bell rings furiously*] Hollo! they'll pull it out by the roots, —where *is* that Tom? [*Bell again*] Well, I suppose I must go, though it ayn't my business. Don't be in a hurry, I'm a coming. [*Singing*] "'Twas in the merry month of May, &c."

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter SMATTER.

Smat. Better late than never. Do you always keep people half an hour at your gate before you admit them, Mr. Gardener?

Dan. Why, that's as it may happen, *Mr. Fatman*. If the porter be in the way, *prahaps* they gets in hafter the second or third ring, but if he's at dinner, or a taking his glass, they musn't hexpect to be attended to for half an hour at the *very* least.

Smat. Indeed! you are cool one's here in the country, I think; I'm positively certain they would not stand such things in London. Is your master at home?

Dan. Why, you see, I don't 'zactly know: he's in the house, but *prahaps* he's not at home for all that. Do you catch the idea? [*Winking*] Down as a hammer.

Smat. Oh, yes, I perceive you have some glimmerings of civilization, though I imagined all you gentlemen who vegetated in the provinces, were totally unaquainted with the Chesterfieldian sophistry of *us* metropolitan *artistes*, and never practised the polite science of lying.

Dan. Lor' bless your stupid head, we be as big liars in the country as you *is* in Lunnon, we knows quite as much as you, and a precious sight more, I can tell you.

Smat. Really?

Dan. Aye, to be sure. I don't know what you mean by *Cheshirechessian soppery*, or t'tother *mopperloppepun* hard word, but I'll bet you a shilling I'll *circumwent* you at any thing you pleases.

Smat. Done—keep your eyes open, young Simon, I'll astonish your feeble intellects. Now to business. [*Giving card*] Give that to your master, and let me know if he's at home to *us*.

Dan. (*Reading card*) The—what? the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son—eh? What a rum name, Hornbull!

Smat. No, no, you are in error. The Honorable Mr. Levison, the name is short, you know.—[*Spelling*—H-o-n-o-b-l-e.

Dan. Oh, the honorable is short, is it—I dare say now that's *very* often the case with lots of honorables. Are you this chap's man?

Smat. (*Conceitedly*) No, I'm his gentleman.

Dan. (*Taking off his hat with mock politeness*) Oh, I axes pardon, excuse my wulgarity. I sees you *is* a gentleman, you dont look like a man.

Smat. Eh? [*Angrily*] Come, come, Mr. Cauliflower, you

are getting impertinent, be respectful, or I must teach you civility. [*Turning up the Cuffs of his coat.*

Dan. Must you? that's your sort, I wants a little larning. Why don't you begin, Mr. Parsley and Butter? [*Squaring*] I'm quite ready. [*Squaring*] Do now, I should like to *whop* a gentleman. [*Squaring*] Do teach me civility, Mr. Sop in the Pan, I *is* so *wery sarcy*. [*Squaring.*

Smat. (*Retreating*) No, no, you are in error—I beg leave to decline. (*Aside*) Rustic savage, he'd murder me! Don't be so violent, I was only joking; besides, the weather is too warm for pugilistic encounters, don't be so horribly pugnacious.

Dan. Pugnacious! come, I say, just look here now, Mr. Thingume, don't you come for to go to call names, or I'll teach you civility. (*Squaring*) I'm not a *pugnacious*, or any other *nacious*, so be respectable or mind your eye. [*Squaring.*

Smat. No, no, you are in error. (*Aside*) Rural butcher. Allay your passion, young Strephon, I did not mean to offend, pugnacious is a French word derived from pugnose-o, a verb active, signfying——

Dan. I doesn't care what it signifies, I won't have it, so I tells ye. I'll take master the card, but afore I goes, young clothes brusher, just let me give you a bit of *adwise*, free gratis for nothing Don't you try any of your Lunnun tricks on me, or I'll try if I can't knock out a few of your teeth, flatten your nose, and *spile* the beauty of your complexion, so look, *Mistar Lunnun particklar*, take care I don't make you a pugnacious! [*Exit into House, knocks at* L, *door in the Passage, enters, and is seen within as in conversation with his master*

Smat. Make me a pugnacious unlettered savage, he's as strong as a horse, and as vicious as an uncontrollable bull; he'd think no more of killing, (and, I believe, eating) me, than he would of discussing his breakfast—I must keep out of his reach. I wonder what can have induced master to leave—what on earth is the cause of his migration into the country at this dull time of the year? Some *petticoatical* delusion, I should imagine, nothing else could have seduced him from the habitable world to this *North Pole* region.

Enter TIMOTHY DANDELION, *from House.*

Dan. Master will come to you directly. Remember, young Lunnun, we've got a shilling *a'twurst* us, who can queer and gammon the best. Look out, won't you learn me civility—eh? (*Hitting out*) Ha, ha, ha! go your hardest I'll circum-

went you, Mr. Lunnun particlar. (*Taking up watering pot, &c* I'll show you some *Chesire cheesian soppery*—I'll *mopperlop-pepun hattiste* you, though you does call me a pugnacious!

[*Exit*, R.

Smat. That fellow's fate is inevitable, he'll be sent abroad at the expense of his country. Oh! the native potentate, the signeur de village, is coming, I'll impress him with an idea of my consequence.

Enter MR. TURTLE, *from Apartment*, L., *with a card in his Hand.*

Tur. You are Mr. Levison's servant, I believe?

Smat. Yes sir.

Tur. Where is your master?

Smat. At the inn, in the village; he despatched me to learn if you were at home and would receive him.

Tur. Is his lady with him?

Smat. No, sir; which lady do you mean, sir? we have so many. [*Laughing affectedly.*

Tur. (*Sternly*) I mean his wife, sir, Mrs. Levison.

Smat. His wife, sir! [*Smothering a laugh.*

Tur. His wife. Does my question astonish you?

Smat. Oh, no, sir, I am too well bred a man to be astonished at anything; but I was not aware that my master had a wife.

Tur. Indeed! (*Aside*) Very strange! How long have ou been in his service?

Smat. I accepted office on the third of May last, I——

Tur. (*Severely*) Sir?

Smat. I beg pardon, sir—I mean I entered his service in May last, at Paris, about six weeks ago.

Tur. Take my compliments to your master, I shall be happy to see him.

Smat. Yes, sir—(*Going* L) Had I known he was a married man, I would not have consented to superintend him. This is a d——d false world! [*Exit through the Gate.*

Tur. This visit bodes me no good. Of all my bachelor friends Levison is the most to be dreaded. No doubt he has heard of my marriage, and has come down to see my wife—I'm sure of it, he has impudence enough for anything. I must keep Emily out of the way until I can get rid of him. (*Calling*) John!

Enter John from House.

Where is your mistress?

John. In the orchard, sir, practising for the archery meeting.

Tur. Request her to come to me immediately.

John. Yes, sir. [*Exit through the passage.*

Tur. 'Tis cursedly annoying when one gets married and settled, to be hunted up by bachelor friends, who imagine they have a right, upon the strength of former intimacy, to be received and treated as part of one's family. This confounded Levison will try to domesticate himself, as he calls it, for a month at least; I don't like to quarrel with him, but I must find means to prevent his intrusion from going beyond a mere call *en passant*, he shan't see my wife, I am determined.

Enter Mrs. Turtle, *from passage* c., *dressed in a Fancy Archery Costume, with Bow, Arrows, and Quiver.*

Mrs. T. Do you want me, Charles?

Tur. Yes, Emily, circumstances have occurred which will prevent me from accompanying you to the archery meeting this morning, and as I do not think it would be proper for you to go alone, I'm afraid that ——

Mrs. T. I must stay at home. How unfortunate, I anticipated such a delightful day! I have been practising so hard, hit the target every time close to the bull's eye. Look how well I can draw the bow—sure to have carried off the prize! Do you see that pigeon on the top of the house? I'll bring him down. (*Shooting off, a—A crash of Glass.*) Oh, dear, I've missed and smashed a pane of glass! never mind, accidents will happen, shoot better another time. What's the matter, why can't we go to the meeting?

Tur. I expect a person to call on particular business.

Mr. T. Dear me that is unfortunate. Can't your visitor go with us?

Tur. No, the fact is, Emily, I don't wish you to be seen by this person, I ——

Mrs. T. Indeed! is this mysterious person a lady?

Tur. No, on my honor.

Mrs. T. One of your bachelor friends then, whom you are afraid will oblige me with a sketch of your intrigues and adventures—is it so, you terrible Turk?

Tur. No, no, I assure you, no; I have other reasons.

Mrs T. I guess them. You are afraid your friend will fall in love with me. Oh, you jealous monster! I know I am

right, so don't attempt to deny it. I have a great mind to make myself agreeable to him on purpose to punish you. Is he young?

Tur. (*Dolefully*) Yes.

Mrs. T. Charming, agreeable?

Tur. Yes—curse him, a great deal too much so.

Mrs. T. Is he tall and handsome?

Tur. Yes.

Mrs. T. In the army?

Tur. Yes.

Mrs. T. Delightful! Wears whiskers and mustache, of course?

Tur. Yes—unfortunately, yes.

Mrs. T. Dear creature! What's his name?

Tur. His name! why, it's—(*Putting card into his pockets, drops it, Mrs. T. picks it up and reads it. Aside*) I'm afraid to tell her. (*Aloud*) His name's Brown—Captain Brown, you have never heard of him, I'm sure.

Mrs. T. (*Looking at Card aside*) Oh, yes I have though. Brown is merely a travelling name, his real one is the Honorable Mr. Levison.

Tur. (*Starting, astonished*) Eh? (*Aside*) How the devil could she know? Yes, yes, you are right, it is Mr. Levison—do you know him?

Mrs. T. Oh, yes, he's an old sweetheart of mine.

Tur. Indeed! (*Aside*) Pleasant upon my life.

Mrs. T. I have known him a long while, we used to dance together, at all the balls.

Tur. Oh, indeed! (*Aside*) The devil!

Mrs. T. Yes—and do you know at one time I thought he was decidedly smitten with me.

Tur. Smitten! Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside*) Damned pleasant! I'm on a gridiron! (*Aloud*) Why didn't you marry him?

Mrs. T. I don't know, I was silly enough to prefer you, but I am paying for my folly: you are a disagreeable jealous wretch, you keep me shut up here in your country house like an eastern slave, indulge all my little whims and caprices as though I were a petted child, but are cruel enough to prevent me from winning the prize at the archery meeting, merely because you don't like me to be seen by my old sweetheart; it's very unkind of you, sir—it is indeed.—(*Pretending to cry*) I've a great mind to get up a faint.—(*Laughing*) Don't look so grave, *Turtle, dear*, I'll bear my disappointment with Spartan fortitude!

Tur. Dearest Emily, I see you are laughing at me; excess of affection makes me mistrustful, I confess I am jealous of every one, but most particularly of this confounded Levison; although he is married now, still I'm afraid of him. Oblige me by remaining in your apartment till he goes—do, Emily, and set my heart at rest.

Mrs. T. No, you have raised my curiosity, and I am determined to see this dangerous character—no expostulation, I *will*, there, sir—I say ! *will.*

Tur. (*Angrily*) *Mrs.* Turtle!

Mrs. T. (*Flippantly*) *Mr.* Turtle, I *will* if you will *let* me. Dear Charles, forgive me, I do but jest—I never saw or heard of Mr. Levison in my life.

Tur. Indeed! how then did you become acquainted with his name?

Mrs. T. By this card, which I saw you drop. (*Laughing*) Don't be jealous any more; let me see your formidable friend, and trust to my ingenuity to send him away.

Tur. What do you mean to do!

Mrs. T. To frighten him out of the place, and make him forswear flirting for the rest of his life.

Tur. Well, I will trust you, but be cautious, remember my happiness is at stake.

Mrs. T. Fear nothing, leave all to me. Do you receive him while I arrange my plan of attack; don't be astonished at anything I may say or do, but be ready to take a hint and assist me. I'll make him an example for the benefit of rakes in general. [*Exit in House, through window,* R.

Tur. Madcap! what does she intend to do? no matter, I know I can trust her.

Lev. (*Without at gate,* L) Discharge the chaise, and bring over my portmanteau.

Tur. Bring over his portmanteau! Confound him, he calculates on making a stay!

Lev. (*Without*) Take care of the guns and fishing rods.

Enter LEVISON, L.

My dear Turtle, how d'ye do? surprised to see me no doubt,—sly dog, got married, and thought to give us all the go by—eh? Made a bet I'd ferret you out, and here I am—ha, ha! How's your wife, Turtle? ha, ha, ha!

Tur. (*Aside*) I thought so. (*Coldly*) Mrs. Turtle is quite well, but I am———

Lev. I know—you are cursedly annoyed at my visit. Don't look grave and sapient, you know my stupid rattling off hand manner; we are old friends, and you ought to have a better opinion of me than to suspect—ridiculous! Besides, I'm a benedict myself, and a fellow feeling you know, so make your mind easy, I don't care a fig whether you let me see your wife or not.

Tur. Indeed! what the deuce, then, has brought you here?

Lev. What! do you suppose I came solely for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Turtle? ha, ha, ha! My dear boy, you are quite mistaken, I never thought of her—no, no, I'm another man now—quite reformed, I assure you; my misfortunes, not your wife, have brought me here.

Tur. Misfortunes! (*Laughing*) Pshaw! what misfortunes can you have met with? ridiculous—ha, ha, ha!

Lev. I'm in earnest—my misfortunes and losses have been various, in fact, too numerous to mention. In the first place I've got a wife ———

Tur Do you call that a misfortune?

Lev. You a married man and doubt it! I have *lost* my liberty, in the next place I betted on the wrong horse and *lost* my money, next, I made love to a coquette and *lost* my time, had a quarrel in consequence with my *better half* who gave me no quarter, so I *lost* my temper, and then I fought a duel, and nearly *lost* my life, then I *lost* what I was very sorry I ever *found*, I lost ———

Tur. What?

Lev. My *wife*—she ran away; I *lost* her because she *found* I was a *lost* man. I went to Paris to drive away care, but it wouldn't do, even there I was *lost*, for everything had *lost* its fascination: the wine had *lost* its flavor, the amusements had *lost* their spirit, the women had *lost* their power of attraction, in short, I *lost* no time in returning to England, where I *found* everything in confusion. My creditors *found* that I was overhead and ears in debt, and, of course, soon found means to annoy me, so not knowing what *else* to do, thought I had better do them. This morning I was *found* missing, I have *found* my way to your abode, where I hope to find food and shelter until I can *find* time to arrange my affairs. [x *to* R.

Tur. (*Aside*) I wish he had been *lost* altogether, or *found* at the bottom of a river, I shall never get rid of him. Your situation really distresses me, Levison, particularly as it is out of my power to be of service to you, we are all going to town to-morrow, in fact, we were to have gone to day.

Lev. How unlucky! I calculated on spending a month with you at least.

Tur. Indeed! (*Aside*) I know it. (*Aloud*) 'Tis very unfortunate. (*Aside*) If Emily doesn't frighten him away I'm settled.

Lev. Is Mrs Turtle at home?

Tur. No—oh, yes—no, I really don't know.

Lev. No—yes—I don't know! Come, come, Turtle, speak the truth; she *is* at home, but you are afraid to let me see her.

Tur. Oh, no, no, no! I'm not certain whether she is prepared to receive company.

Lev. Oh, she won't mind me, I'm an old friend you know; don't stand upon ceremony, my dear boy, I never do.

Tur. (*Aside*) No, confound you, I know it, you are the most free and easy fellow I ever met with. (*Aloud*) I'll let her know you are here. (*Going* c) I'm afraid he's a fixture. [*Exit*, c.

Lev. (*Laughing*) Ha, ha! he believes every word of my story—ha, ha! I shall see his wife—I wonder what sort of a creature she is, a perfect rustic Venus I dare say. I've managed capitally, how they will laugh at the adventure when I return to London. I'll make myself particularly agreeable, I'll be irresistably fascinating.

Enter MRS. TURTLE, *disguised as a Chambermaid*, R. *window*.

Mrs. T. (*Aside*) There he is—now for my scheme. Hem! sir!

Lev. (*Turning*) Eh? a woman—(*Aside*) a pretty one oo. How d'ye do my dear?

Mrs. T. Pretty well, I thank you, sir—how are you? you are the Honorable Mr. Levison; ay'nt you?

Lev. I am—do you know me?

Mrs. T. No, no, *I* don't know you—but I know somebody that does.

Lev. Indeed! who is it?

Mrs. T. A young woman.

Lev. A young woman, indeed!

Mrs. T. Yes. Oh, what an *insinuating* man you must be.

Lev Insinuating—what do you mean?

Mrs. T. Why, that you are captivating—*fascinating*—the young woman that I allude to is dying in love for you.

Lev. Is she indeed?

Mrs. T. Yes, and she goes on so about you, says *such* things

and calls you such dear names—for, to listen to her, one would think you were quite au *uncommon* man; but I can't say you are over and above *handsome* or *well made* either.

Lev. Thank you, (*Aside*) Flattering, upon my life. But tell me, who is the lady I have been so fortunate as to make an impression upon.

Mrs. T. Betty, our cook.

Lev. Your cook?

Mrs. T. Yes—oh, you wicked man—Betty Higgins.

Lev. Betty Higgins! who the devil is Betty Higgins?

Mrs. T. What, do you pretend not to know her? Oh, you *ipocrit*—isn't she your wife?

Lev. My wife!

Mrs. T. Yes, you rattlesnake, your poor deceived, deserted wife—didn't you marry her in Stepney Church?

Lev. Nonsense! are you mad?

Mrs. T. No, sir, I'm quite *insane*—I've seen the cirtificate you *seaserpent*.

Lev. What the devil are you talking about? you mistake me for some *other* blackguard—I know no such person as Betty Higgins.

Mrs. T. I thought you would say so, but I don't believe you. She sent me to tell you that she is determined to make you own her, and that if you don t consent to see her immediately, she'll send for a constable and have you taken up.

Lev. The devil she will!

Mrs. T. Yes; so I advise you as a friend, if you don't wish to be hanged or transported, to make your escape and get out of the country as fast as you can. Now, go, sir—pray do. [*Trying to push him out at Gate.*

Lev. Psha! I have nothing to fear; let her do her worst, I know nothing about her.

Mrs. T. Very well, you'll repent your obstinacy. Good bye, I leave you to your unhappy fate, you'll be sure to be sent to the *Demon's Land*, or else to the *Goose River*. [*Exit.*

Lev. Devilish odd! Am I mistaken for some one else—or is it a trick to get rid of me? Ha, ha, ha! it is a trick—I'm sure of it. I'll outwit you, Mr. Turtle, I *will* see your wife, in spite of all your plots and contrivances.

Enter SMATTER, *with Portmanteau, through gate,* L.

Smat. I've discharged the chaise, sir, and brought the portmanteau.

Lev. Very well. Now, Smatter, I want you to second me to counteract a plot which is formed against me—Take the portmanteau back to the inn, dress yourself in my uniform, load my pistols—with powder only—and return here immediately. Call yourself Captain Smith: I'll give you further directions when you arrive. Away!

Smat. Yes, sir. (*Aside—Going*) If he doesn't tip handsomely, I'll nogociate a cross, and throw him over. [*Exit*, L.

Lev. With such an accomplished assistant as my rascal Smatter, a little tact, and a considerable quantity of impudence, I'll out manœuvre all the husbands in Europe.

Tur. (*Without*) But I say, I will!

Mrs. T. (*without*) But I say you shall *not*, sir—do it, at your peril!

Lev. A quarrel! what's in the wind now, I wonder?

MR. TURTLE *enters from* C. *in great agitation.*

Tur. My dear fellow, I am in great distress! I don't know how to break it to you, but—Mrs. Turtle—my wife—Mrs. Turtle does not wish to see you. I am very sorry—we have had a dreadful quarrel on the subject. She is in an awful rage—scolding, breaking the furniture, and playing the very devil! Now, my dear boy, don't for a moment suppose I wish to get rid of you—far from it, I assure you—but for the sake of my peace and quiet, pray return to the inn.

Lev. If you particularly wish it, I will. (*going* L. H. *returns*) But really, Turtle, your wife's conduct is very strange. The world imagines her to be an amiable, good-tempered, mild and gentle creature.

Tur. Oh, she's quite the reverse, I assure you. Between ourselves, she's a perfect devil—dreadful temper, scold, scold, scold from morning until night; and then she's very apt, when her temper gets the better of her (and that is, I'm sorry to say, two or three times a day), to—(*doubling his fist, and making action of hitting*) I assure you it's a melancholy fact.

Lev. Ha, ha! what a happy man you must be! No wonder you keep her shut up in the country. Your description has enchanted me—she must be a curiosity! I must see her—I am very fond of vixens.

Tur. (*aside*) The devil! nothing can frighten him! No, no, no, Levison—for *my* sake, pray go. You don't know what you expose me to.

Lev. I do—a good thrashing; but never mind—you are

used to it. I'll take no excuse. Let me see her, or I'll introduce myself. [*Going up to house.*

Tur. (*detaining him*) No, no, I request——

Lev. (*trying to get away.*) Yes, yes, I insist——

Mrs. T. (*without—in a sharp angry tone*) Mr. Turtle!

Tur. There she is—go away, or I shall be murdered!

Mrs. T. (*without*) What is the meaning of that disturbance, sir? isn't that fellow gone?

Lev. Fellow! she can't mean me?

Enter MRS. TURTLE, *from* C. *in an eccentric morning wrapper—her head covered with curl papers, and a night-cap, with very broad borders.*

Mrs. T. Very pretty, upon my word? (*half aside to* Turtle, *in a tone of subdued rage*) How dare you disobey me? Did I not tell you I would not see that man?

Tur. (R H *pretending alarm*) Yes, my love, but——

Mrs. T. (*half aside as before*) Hold your tongue, sir! (*shaking him*) How dare you answer me?

Lev. (*aside*) What an amiable creature!

Mrs. T. (*crossing to* Levison—*with a bland smile, and overstrained politeness*) Sir ——

Lev. (*bowing*) Madam——

Mrs. T. Do you perceive that gate?

Lev. (*bowing*) Yes, madam.

Mrs. T. It is open, I believe?

Lev. Yes, madam.

Mrs. T. Will you oblige me by——

Lev. Shutting it—certainly, madam. (*going.*)

Mrs. T. No, sir; by going out by it—by taking your leave.

Lev. Madam! (*aside*) Particularly cool, I must say——

Tur. But, my dear——

Mrs. T. If you dare to say another word, I'll—— (*Doubling her fist*—Turtle *shrinks away, To* Levison) Will you go, sir? [*Mildly pointing to gate.*

Lev. Madam, I am very sorry that——

Mrs. T. (*in an agitated tone.*) Will yo go, sir?

Lev. Really, madam, I——

Mrs. T. (*getting angry*) Will you go, sir?

Lev. Yes, madam, but——

Mrs. T. Sir, I wish to be calm and behave like a lady. Don't irritate me! don't put me in a passion, and oblige me to turn you out! Don't—don't—don't! I am calm, now—quite calm—but my blood is beginning to boil! Mr. Turtle!

(*in a loud high tone.*) Why do you stand there, like a fool, you unfeeling monster—why don't you *make* him go

Lev. (*aside*) I am in a pleasant situation here!

Tur. (*mildly.*) I'm in a damnable situation! Now, go, Levison, there's a good fellow.

Mrs. T. (*In a violent rage*) Good fellow! Is that the way you speak to people I don't like (*Pushing* Turtle *back again to* R H.) Oh, you villain? I can't bear it any longer! I'm in a passion now, and don't care for anybody, or anything! I'll raise the neighbourhood—I'll set fire to the house—I'll kill myself—I'll kill you—I'll—(*Turning to* Levison—*starts wildly.*) Ah! can it be? do my eyes deceive me? Yes, it *is*—no, it *isn't*—let me look again—it is, it is! Oh! oh! oh! [*Faints in* Turtle's *arms—twists and turns about.*

Lev. What the devil does she mean by it *is*, and it *isn't*—Oh! oh! oh!

Tur. Go away! Emily dear, don't tumble about so, or I shall let you fall.

Mrs. T. (*pretending to revive*) Where am I? Ah! *he* here! Go away—go away! don't let him look at me—oh! [*Turning her head away, shaking her hands in terror, throwing curl papers at him, and taking the Stage to* R H.

Lev. What is the matter? What does she mean by——

[*Imitating her action.*

Tur. Nothing—go away, pray do. The fact is, she's deranged—I didn't like to mention it before. Whenever she gets in a passion she's mad—quite mad!

Mrs. T. Where is he? (*crossing to* C.) let me look upon his face? (*beckons to* Levison *to approach—he hesitates alarmed—she seizes him*) Ah! I know you, though you have dyed your whiskers and wear a wig! Full well do I remember that unmeaning smile—that idiotic grin. Listen to me, Mr. Timkins. Ah ha! you see I *do* know you!

Lev. Timkins!

Mrs. T. Aye, Timkins—remember, Paris, Timkins—(*mysteriously.*)—and let despair *gnaw* your flesh, *icicle* your blood, and *ossify* your heart; think of that night—the *thirty-second* of November—that dark, dismal, dreary, dreadful, damned, and direful night, when the wind whistled, and the rain, rained, and the thunder thundered, and the lightning lightened, as if the fearful fiends in frenzied fiery fury, were kicking up the Old Gentleman's delight—did you not?—Come come—you know you did!

Lev. What?

Mrs. T. What! do you mean to say you did not?

Lev. No, I never did.

Mrs. T. Oh, Timkins, Timkins, I'm ashamed of you! Hark —some one is playing the fiddle!

Lev. Fiddle de de!

Mrs. How it squeaks! it tunes my heart to murder! look look, look—there, there, there! (*Pushing* Levison *about and turning him from side to side.*) Do you not see him there? There! he points at you! he frowns and calls for vengeance! Timkins, I must kill you—wait here a moment while I go for my scissors!! [*Exit into house.*

Lev. Poor creature! quite lost!

Tur Quite. Now go, my good fellow, or she'll return and———

Mrs. T. (*without*) I've got them!

Lev. Then I m off—good bye! [*Runs off through gate.*

Tur. (*laughing violently.*) Ha, ha, ha! capital! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Mrs. Turtle, *with a large pair of Shears.*

Mrs. T. Now, villain——is he gone?

Tur. Yes—he couldn't stand the scissors! Ha, ha! you did it famously!

Mrs. T. Yes, I flatter myself I did!

Tur. Thank heaven, we've got rid of him!

Enter Levison *at the gate.*

Lev. (*aside*) I'm afraid I've been hoaxed.

Tur. Now we'll go to the archery meeting. How well you acted the mad woman—yes, it is--no, it isn't—ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. T. Ha, ha, ha! it's a capital joke! ha, ha!

Lev. (*Advancing between them*) Ha, ha, ha! a capital joke! ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. T. (*Running off, confused.*) Oh dear!

[Mr. Turtle *walks up and down in a rage*—Levison *laughs.*

Lev. I say, Turtle--yes, it is —no, it isn't—ha, ha, ha, ha! It won't do, Turtle—I'm too old to be deceived by so shallow an artifice. You want to get rid of me, but you *shan't!* I'll stay, if it be only to plague you. Don't pretend to get in a passion—it is of no use—stay I will!

Tur. Mr. Levison, you presume on our former friendship. I do not wish to quarrel with you, but if you persist in remaining here, and intruding on my domestic privacy, I must resort to *serious* measures.

Lev. You may resort to whatever measures you please—*serious* or *comic*. I am ready for anything.

Tur. This is beyond bearing. You shall meet me, sir, to-morrow morning.

Lev. with the greatest pleasure, sir. In the mean time, have the kindness to order your people to prepare some luncheon—travelling has given me an appetite.

Tur. (*in a violent rage*) Mr. Levison, do not compel me to use violence. Oblige me, by leaving my grounds.

Lev. I would oblige you, my dear fellow, but you see——

Tur. Very well, sir; then I know what I must do.

Exit 1st E R H.

Lev. Ha, ha, ha? Poor Turtle! what a rage he is in—he looks like a wild Indian. Ha, ha, ha! too bad to carry the joke so far. Never mind, I'll make an apology. I am determined not to go, until I have seen his wife in propria personæ. I defy anybody to stir me 'till then.

TIMOTHY *enters* R. *catching him in his arms, and carries him* L.

Dan. Do you, indeed? you are mistaken, my master, Its of no use your kicking—out you goes! (*Puts him out,* L. *and locks the Gate.*) Ha, ha, ha! that's an out and out move.

Lev. (*Without.*) Hollo? open the gate, you rascal!

Dan. I should think not. Be off, or I'll let the dog loose.

Enter Mr. TURTLE, R. H.

I've done it, sir—I pitched him out like a sack of wheat.

Tur. Very well, Tim—there's half a crown for you.

Dan. Thankye, sir—I'd put him up the chimney for another half crown.

Tur. Be on the watch, and give me notice if he should return.

Dan. Yes, sir; if he does, I'll duck him in the horse pond.

Tur. No, no: come to me—I'll tell you what to do; though I don't think he'll trouble us again. (*Exit into house.*

Dan. Don't be too sure o'that—he'll have another try, depend upon it; and when he does, if master don't whop him I knows the chap wot will, and that's Timothy Dandelion,—And then there's young *Lunnun pertickler*, his servant—the chap as wanted to learn me manners—won't I whop him, if I gets a chance. (*Bell rings without at Gate.*) Ah, there's somebody at the gate—perhaps the *Hornbull* gentleman has come back again. Who's there?

Smat. (*Without, as Captain Smith.*) Open the gate, and be damned to you!

Dan. I shan't till I knows who you are; so tell us your name, and what you wants, or you may kick your heels outside till the begining of next week.

Smat. (*Without.*) My name's Smith—Captain Smith. I wish to see your master on particular business:

Dan. Oh, if you're a captain, and wants to see master on business, I suppose I must admit you. (*Opens Gate.*) Walk in, captain——

Enter SMATTER, *disguised as Captain Smith, a military fop.*

Smat. How dare you detain me so long at your gate, fellow? Really, upon my honour, I'll complain to your master—I will, upon my *honor*! (*Asperating the letter* H.)

Dan. (*Aside,*(Here's a conceited swell! Yes, sir—thank you, sir. (*Touching his hat.*)

Smat. I shall insist on his discharging you—I shall really upon my *honor*!

Dan. Yes, sir—thank you, sir. Is there anything *else* you would like to do, sir?

Smat. No, sir—tell you master I am here.

Dan. Yes, sir. (*Going—turns round and looks at* SMATTER *from head to foot.*

Smat. What are you staring at, fellow?

Dan. Why I be a taking a sight at you. You looks just as if you comed out of a bandbox.

Smat. What?

Dan. I axes pardon, sir—you is such a *patent polished gentleman*—you is "really, upon my *honor*!" (*Imitating.*)

Smat. You are an impertinent rascal, sir—abscond, or I shall be obliged to knock you down—(*Turning up the sleeves of his coat.*) —I shall, really, upon my *honor*!

Dan. (*Observing his action.*) Eh! (*Looking at smatter—Aside.*) I'm dashed if it is'nt young pugnacious! Won't I pepper him! (*Alond.*) Knock me down! no, captain you wouldn't do that, I'm sure—you wouldn't take the advantage of my weakness. If you were to hit me, I should never get up again you looks so werry strong and hard fisted. (*Pretending to be alarmed.*)

Smat. Well, well, be civil, Don't tremble young man—I won't hurt you, upon my *honor*! (*Taking the stage conceitedly to* R.—*As he passes,* Timothy *shakes his fist at him.*)

Dan. Thank ye, sir—you are wery kind. You'll excuse me, captain, but I guesses what you wants here,

Smat. Indeed! really, upon my *honor*———

Dan. Yes—you comes from the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son.

Smat. (*Aside.*) The deuce! how could he know that?—(*Aloud.*) Yes, yes—you are right, young man, I do, He has sent me to demand satisfaction of your master for his conduct this morning. We mean to shoot him.

Dan. Indeed! "Really, upon my *honor*!" (*Imitating.*) Now I tell you what it is. Captain Bandbox, my master is a gentleman, and the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son is'nt—no more is his spooney servant chap—so I tells you once for all we isn't going to stand no nonsense. So Mr. Captain I'd advise you to take a hint and march—I would "*really upon my honor.*"

Smat. Would you indeed? (*Crossing to* L. *alarmed—aside.*) I'm in a confounded scrape! this savage will butcher me, I must bluster a bit, and frighten him. Harkee, Mister What's your name?

Dan. (*Going close up to him.*) Timothy Dandelion—what have you got to say to I, eh?

Smat. No, no, no; merely that you are in error. You and your master—your master and you—in fact, I don't know precisely what I think.

Dan. Indeed! Now I'll tell you what I think. If you think to bully me, you've got the wrong pig by the tail. I knows you, Mr. Lunnun Pe tickler Pugnacious—I'm awake to your *cheshire-cheeseian soppery.* I owes you a licking, so I'll pay you. Here goes! (*Stricking him.*)

Smat. I shall be murdered! (*Drawing sword.*) Keep off, o. I'll cut you down!

Dan. I don't care for your cheese-toaster—cut away. *He runs in, and catches Smatter round the neck, who drops the Sword—a struggle—they hug and strike each other.* MR. TURTLE *enters and endeavours to part them—they get him between them and both beat him, &c. Smatter runs off,* L. H.

Tur. (*As he enters*) Hollo! hollo! what's the matter? (*After business*) What is the matter, Timothy? what is the meaning of all this? explain, Timothy—explain.

Dan. Why I were giving a [illegible] incivility—I were whopping the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son's gentleman a bit. He comed here dressed up [illegible] *hossif* to call you *h*out—so I sarved him out, that's all, [illegible]

Tur. So, so; Levy's son intends to call me out, does he? Well, I suppose I must meet him. There, Timothy, is another half crown for you; be on the alert—you may be wanted again.

Lev. (*Wi*[illegible]—*as an* [illegible]) Stop, [illegible]—take care—

take care—you'll be over.

Tur. What's that? Go, Timothy, and see.

Exit Timothy, at Gate.

Tur. 'Twas a hazardous scheme; yet if I have forced Levison to return to London, I feel convinced the affair will soon blow over.

Enter TIMOTHY, *at Gate.*

Well, Timothy.

Dan. Oh, sir, such a lark—I mean such an *h*accident. A post chaise upset, and an old gentleman has gotten his neck broke.

Tur. Indeed! dreadful!

Dan. Yes, sir; the post boy be bringing him here.

Tur. Go, Timothy—go, and assist him. (*Exit, Timothy—Looking off.*) What a misfortune! he seems very much hurt.

TIMOTHY *and* POSTBOY *enter, supporting* LEVISON, *disguised as an Old Man.*

Get a chair, and call your mistress. [*Timothy goes into* R, *room, returns with a chair, in which he places Mr. Levison.*

Dan. Poor old chap, he's done for! regularly booked! [*Exit, into house.*

Tur. How do you feel now, sir?

Lev. Very faint, very ill—oh, I'm a dead man! oh! broken all to pieces. Oh, that confounded postboy—oh! would gallop—oh!—upset chaise—oh! knew he would—oh! killed me, the rascal! oh, oh, oh! send for the doctor—oh, oh!

Postboy. I'll go, sir. [*Exit,* L.

Enter MRS TURTLE *and* TIMOTHY *from house.*

Mrs. T. (R C) What a distressing accident! let me assist him. Poor old gentleman—he seems very much hurt.

Lev. (C) Oh, my back! oh, my—oh, oh, oh! [*Kicks about*

Mrs. T. Have you sent for a surgeon?

Tur. (C) Yes, the post boy is gone for one.

Mrs. T. Poor fellow, what can we do for him? He is reviving—how are you now, sir?

Lev. (*Taking her hand*) Better—much better. (*Kissing her hand—she withdraws*) I beg your pardon, madam—a paroxym of pain. I beg pardon—the circumstances that caused my intrusion will, I trust, plead my excuse. May I ask to whom I am indebted for so much kindness?

Mrs. T. My name is Turtle, sir.

Lev. (*Aside*) Real turtle, I'll be sworn! (*Aside*) Turtle! Turtle! I think I have heard the name—you are married, are you not? your husband is a little old man.

Tur. Eh? little old man!

Mrs. T. Oh no—he's tall, and about my own age.

Lev. I beg pardon, I mistake, then. Now I remember—I am wrong—the Mrs. Turtle I mean is a very ugly woman; you are quite the reverse,

Tur. Where do you feel most pain, sir?

Lev. All over me, sir—from head to foot—oh! oh! (*Recollecting himself*) Mr. Mock Turtle, I presume?

Tur. Mock Turtle! no, sir, Turtle.

Lev. I beg pardon—I can never be sufficiently grateful to you sir. Oh! oh!

Enter POSTBOY.

Postboy. Here be doctor, sir? [*Exit.*

Enter SMATTER, *disguised as a Doctor, in an eccentric coat and green spectacles—he advances, bows formally to Mr. and Mrs. Turtle, then to Timothy.*

Dan. (R) I wonder who this here be—it beant Doctor Pill or Doctor Jones.

Tur. Doctor, that gentleman has been overturned in a post chaise, and appears to be very much hurt—will you have the kindness to see if anything serious has befallen him?

Smat. Certainly, sir. (*Crossing to Lev. taking up his arm and feeling it all over*) Contusion of the foreheadical artery close to the middle temple; the *os fronto*—(*Feeling his neck*) the *os necko* dislocated, and—[*Feeling legs*] ditto, ditto, both the *osses legs O.* [*Crosses to corner*, L.

Tur. [*Aside*] Osses legs O! he's a farrier or a cow doctor.

Lev. I'm a dead man—oh!

Smat. The gentleman mustn't be moved for sixteen weeks at least, exertion will be fatal to him.

Tur, Indeed—how unfortunate! Is he really so bad?

Smat. I assure you, sir, on the reputation of a respectable practitioner, that his life is in danger—very great danger. If he's moved or *shuk* about I will not answer for him—look how he suffers.

Lev. Oh, oh! [*Kicking about displaces the handkerchief, which is round his neck—Drops his hat and moves his wig—Mrs. T. sees his face.*

Mrs. T. Ah, 'tis Mr. Levison! So, so—I'll foil him yet. Timothy? [*She goes up with Timothy, appears to give him instructions, and sends him off,* L.

Lev. [*Faintly*] Doctor?

Smat. Sir.

Lev. Do you think, doctor, there is any hope? Shall I ever recover?

Smat. Hem—ah! why that depends upon your treatment; if you are not *shut* and are kept very quiet you will mend, but if you are removed, mortification will take place and you will die!

Lev. Oh, oh! dreadful! Mr. Turtle—Mrs. Turtle—Madam—Sir, you hear the doctor's opinion. Will you save my life by allowing me to remain your guest a short time? I am the last man in the world to intrude, but my wounds are dangerous. Will you take pity on me?

Tur. Really, sir, I——

Mrs. T. [*Aside to him*] Consent—consent, it's Mr. Levison—a trick!

Tur. [*Astonished*] Eh!

Mrs. T. Hush! [*They retire a pace or two back and whisper.*

Lev. [*Aside*] They are consulting. I shall carry my point, they'll ask me to stay: they don't suspect—ha, ha!

Tur. [*Aside*] I'll strangle him.

Mrs. T. [*Aside*—R] No, no, consent—we'll punish him yet.

Lev. You don't answer, my good friend; don't stand upon ceremony with me, I beg.

Mrs. T. [*Aside*] We don't intend.

Lev. Put me where you please.

Mrs. T. [*Aside*] Into the horsepond.

Lev. Do with me as you think proper.

Mrs. T. [*Aside*] Give you a good thrashing, and toss you in a blanket.

Lev. Only allow me to remain in your house—am I to stay?

Tur. Oh, certainly—certainly, make yourself at home.

Mrs. T. We'll take great care of you, we'll make you so *comfortable.* [*Going up with Tur.*

Lev. Thanks, thanks—a thousand thanks! [*Aside*] It's all right, I'm settled—established in the house—ha, ha, ha! How they'll be, how I shall laugh at them!—ha, ha, ha! I'll give them another groan—Oh, oh—[*Aloud*] I'm getting worse the air is cold. Doctor don't you think 'twould be as well if I could be taken into the house?

Smat. Oh, certainly, certainly, by all means. Will you et the gentleman be taken in?

Tur. Oh, yes, we'll take you in. Here, John!

Enter JOHN.

Assist me to carry this gentleman into the house. [*They take up the chair, with Lev. in it; as they are turning about to enter the house,* TIM. *enters,* L *disguised as a Doctor, in a great coat, large hat, and spectacles.*

Mrs. T. Oh, here's Doctor Jones—how fortunate!

Lev. [C] Doctor Jones—the Devil!

Smat. [R] Doctor Jones! we're pickled.

Dan. [L] How de do—how de do? Eh? dear me—bless me—just in time, gentleman not dead—eh, eh, eh?—Heard of the accident, so came up—eh, eh, eh?—*Looking at Smat., who bows, Tim. returns the salute, grotesquely*] Who's that? who's that?—eh, eh, eh?

Lev. [*Aside*—C] A real doctor—how unlucky!

Smat. [*Aside*] I shall be phlebotomized; he'll cut my throat!

Mrs. T. [*Aside to Tur., laughing*] They are quite alarmed, the doctor looks as if he were going to faint—ha, ha, ha!

Dan. Very odd—very odd! Who is that queer guy—eh, eh, eh!

Tur. A limb of your profession, Doctor, we called him in to attend this unfortunate old gentleman.

Dan. Indeed! I don't know him, a quack, I dare say—eh? doesn't look like a regular. You're from the next town, I suppose, sir?

Smat. Yes, sir. [*Aside*] What an escape!

Dan. What's the matter with this old chap—I mean, old gentleman?

Mrs. T. The doctor has reported that the *os ormo wristo* has a compound fricture, that there is a contusion on the fore-*headical artery* close to the *middle temple*, the *os fronto* that the! *os necko O* is dislocated, and ditto, ditto, both the *osses legs O!*

Lev. Smatter's confounded learning will ruin me.

Dan. Poor gentleman! if he has so many *osses* dislocated, he must be hopperated upon immediately. It's lucky I've got my tools with me—I'll go to work on him at once.—(*Takes a bag from under his arm, and throws down a large pruning knife, a saw, garden shears, and etc*)—Doctor, we must cut off both his legs and hampitate his neck!

Lev. (*Aside.*) The devil! I'm in a pretty hobble.

Smat. [*Alarmed—Aside*] Poor master! he'll be cut into mincemeat.

Tur. Keep up your spirits, sir, 'twill soon be over.

Mrs. T. Don't be alarmed, the doctor's very skilful, he won't hurt you *much*.

Lev. [*Aside*] hurt me much—unfeeling woman! What the devil shall I do!

Dan. Hold him down in the chair—I'll whip 'em off in a moment. [*Florishing pruning knife and saw*] Down with him! [*John, Mr. and Mrs. T. take hold of Lev.*

Smat. No, no, no. [*Expostulating.*

Lev. Let me alone—let me go!

Mr. and Mrs T. Dan. and John. Sit down—sit down! Be quiet—be quiet! [*Bustle—John, Mr. and Mrs. Tur. and Dan. force Levison to sit down in the chair—Smatter, who endeavors to interpose, is knocked down by Dan.—After a violent struggle Lev. breaks away, and starts up.*

Lev. Hold—hold! you are mistaken! I'm very much obliged to you. I'd rather be excused, I don't want to part with my legs—I'm not hurt. [*Throws off his disguise.*

Mr. and Mrs. T. [*Pretending astonishment*] Mr. Levison!

Lev. Even so. I confess my defeat, apologize for my rudeness, and take my leave—[*Crossing to L. C*] hoping when next we meet, you will have forgotten my impertinent frolic, and will do me the honor to introduce me to Mrs. Turtle, as an *old and sincere friend.* [*Going.*

Tur. Stay, Levison. Emily, I think we must forgive him—what say you?

Mrs. T. Why, if he's very penitent, and will promise never to annoy married people again, I think we must look over his peccadilloes, particularly as we have used rather violent remedies to effect a cure. You may put up your instruments, doctor, unless you wish to practice on the *osses* of your brother there. [*Pointing to Smat.*

Dan. No, ma'am I've had enough of surgerying; I'll stick to gardening—[*Taking off his disguise*] unless he wants a lesson in civility. [*Squaring.*

Smat. My pugnacious friend. No, no, really, upon my honor you are in error.

Mrs. T. Never mind, Timothy. Charles, shake hands with Mr. Levison, apologize for *our* rudeness, and invite him to visit us in London; his folly has caused us much amusement 'twould be ungrateful, therefore, to cut his acquaintance.

[*To the Audience*] And if you will condescend to place *our* faults and failings in the same kind light, we will redouble our efforts to amuse and welcome you.

[*The Curtain Falls*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R. H. L. H.

SMAT. TUR. MRS. T. LEV. TIM.

THE END

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